The Fight

Bullets flying everywhere,

People dying, flinging to the ground,

In the dirty, muddy, trenches,

I smell fear everywhere,

While people are crying,

Wounded, dying, shooting, firing.

Running through trenches looking for lost friends,

Dead people.

The enemy is approaching, shooting,

I’m hiding, dirt flying,

Shot!

Oh no, I see blood.

My leg is wounded,

Damn!

Everything goes quiet,

Is it over?

I see the boat,

Limping in pain,

Aboard the boat,

Home again,

Charlotte